BRIDGEPORT CHRONICLE-UNION.

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THE CHRONICLE.

Published Every Saturday,

By R. M. & A. C. FOLGER.

ALEX. C. FOLGER. ROBT. M. FOLGER.

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For one year (in advance)............$5 00
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For three months............1 75

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BODIE HOUSE,

Corner of Main, Green and Mills Str

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THIS POPULAR HOTEL WILL UNDER the above management offer unsurpassed advantages to

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As well as to regular and permanent boarder. The choicest

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OCCIDENTAL HOTEL,

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... Table ... Excelled.

... Rooms are First-Class.

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... Best Attention, as well ... Best Accommodations.

ARNETT'S HOTEL

...VILLE, MONO COUNTY,

Antelope Wagon Road, 50 miles from ... City and 51 from Bodie).

D. M. BARNETT............Proprietor

The hotel is new, commodious, ...

The table is supplied with ... ket affords.

The BAR is supplied ... Liquors and Cigars.

Stabling and ... with the house

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JUNCTION OF THE ANTELOPE AND SONORA WAGON ROADS.

65 miles from Sonora and 30 from Bodie.

MONO COUNTY, CAL.

This well-known and popular Summer Resort is pleasantly situated on the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada Mountains amid wild and picturesque scenery, which offer superior inducements for tourists. The best of accommodations for ... miles the rooms being large and airy. ...

STEAM, ... AND SWIMMING BATHS

are unsurpassed, speedy relief being effected.

The table is supplied with the luxuries of the season.

The best of Wines, Liquors and Cigars at the Bar.

Good Fishing in Walker River. Commodious Stabling my22-...

GRIMMER'S SALOON,

MAIN STREET,

(Opposite the Leavitt House),

BRIDGEPORT.

The BEST of Everything at the BAR for the NEEDS of the SPIRITUALLY inclined Community.

This Saloon has been made a cozy resort, having been refitted.

ap17-tf A. FRED. GRIMMER.

WILLIAMSON'S SALOON.

CORNER OF MAIN AND SINCLAIR STREETS,

Bridgeport.

CHOICEST WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

Reading Room well-supplied with the Papers of the Day.

Pleasantest Resort in town. mh6-tf

THE CHRONICLE-UNION IS THE PIONEER, AND LEADING PAPER OF MONO COUNTY.

MISCELLANEOUS

P. G. HUGHES,

Blacksmith and Wagon Maker,

BRIDGEPORT, CAL

HORSE AND OX SHOEING.

AND GENERAL JOBBING.

A. C. RAYMOND,

DEALER IN

HARNESS, SADDLEY, Saddlery Hardware, Blankets, Robes and Carriage Trimmings.

MAIN STREET, BODIE.

All kinds of repairing. mh1-td

LIVERY AND FEED STABLES.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAS LEASED THE

ALLEN STABLES,

BRIDGEPORT, MONO COUNTY, CAL.

Is prepared to carefully attend to all Stock placed in his charge at the lowest rates going. Horses boarded by the Day, Week or Month. Hay, Bran, Oats and Barley for sale. Buggy Teams and Saddle Horses for hire. A liberal patronage solicited.

je5-tf M. FAIRFIELD, Proprietor.

Who Knows WHEN

Steamboats will sink or burn?
Railroad trains will be wrecked?
Boilers or lamps will explode?
Horses will take fright and run?
Bricks or timbers will fall?
Fire burn or lightning strike?
Machinery will crush or mangle?
Tools or glass will cut?
Splinters or nails will wound?
Slips and falls will happen?
Hammers and weights will bruise?
Ladder or staging will give way?
Animals will kick or bite?
Limbs will be sprained or broken?
Fatal or disabling injury by accident may ... in any one of a thousand ways?

... knows, the only safe and sure way is to

INSURE IN THE TRAVELERS' ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY,

OF HARTFORD, CONN.

ALEX. C. FOLGER, AGENT

BRIDGEPORT, CAL.

MINING NOTICES.

Notice to Co-Owners

TO DAVID L. DEAL, THOMAS LYON AND ALEXANDER ANDERSON:

YOU ARE HEREBY NOTIFIED THAT I the undersigned, have expended One Hundred Dollars in labor and improvements upon the California Comstock mining claim, said mining claim being situated and lying in Patterson Mining District, Mono County, California, in order to hold said premises under the provisions of Section 2324 of the Revised Statutes of the United States, being the amount required for holding the same for the calendar year ending December 31, 1885, and if, at the expiration of ninety days after this notice by publication, viz, at the expiration of 180 days from May 8, 1886, the date of the first publication hereof, you fail or refuse to contribute your proportion of such expenditure as co-owner, to wit, $25, the interest of each of you who so fail or refuse to contribute will become the property of the subscriber under said Section 2324.

Clinton, Mono county, Cal., May 7th, 1886.

my8-90d. WILLIAM TRUDGEN.

Notice to Co-Owners.

TO JESSE N. SUMMERS AND GEORGE M. SUMMERS:

YOU ARE HEREBY NOTIFIED THAT I, the undersigned, have expended Three Hundred ($300) dollars in labor and improvements upon the

MINERAL CHIEF CONSOLIDATED

mining claim, comprising the Discovery, Patterson and Thoroughbrace mining claims, said mining claims being situated and lying in Patterson Mining District, Mono County, California, in order to hold said premises under the provisions of Section 2324 of the Revised Statutes of the United States, being the amount required for holding the same for the year ending December 31st, 1885, one hundred dollars having been expended by me in labor on each of said mining claims under said Section 2324, and if at the expiration of ninety days after this notice by publication, viz, at the expiration of 180 days from May 22d, 1886, the date of the first publication hereof, you fail or refuse to contribute your proportion of such expenditure as co-owner, to wit, the sum of $123 33 by George M. Summers, and the sum of $23 33 by Jesse N. Summers, the interest of each of you who so fail or refuse to contribute will become the property of the subscriber under said Section 2324.

Dated Clinton, May 17, 1886.

T. C. SHARPE.

First publication May 22, 1886. my22-90d

Through The Trees.

If I had known whose face I'd see
Above the hedge, beside the rose;
If I had known whose voice I'd hear
Make music where the wind flower blows—
I had not come; I had not come.

If I had known his deep "I love"
Could make her face so fair to see;
If I had known her shy "And I"
Could make him stoop so tenderly—
I had not come; I had not come.

But what knew I? The summer breeze
Stopped not to cry! "Beware! Beware!"
The vine wreaths dropping from the trees
Caught not my sleeve with soft "Take care"
And so I came; and so I came.

The roses that his hands have plucked
Are sweet to me, are death to me;
Between them, as through living flames,
I pass, I clutch them, crush them, see!
The bloom for her, the thorn for me.

The brooks leap up with many a song—
I once could sing; like them could sing.
They fill the air with such a sigh among
A world of joy and blossoming—
Why did I come? Why did I come?

The blue sky burns like altar fires—
How sweet her eyes beneath her hair!
The green earth lights its fragrant pyres:
The wild birds rise and hush the air;
God looks and smiles, earth is so fair.

But ah; 'twixt me and you bright heaven
Two bended heads pass sparkling by:
And loud above the bird and brook
I hear a low "I love," "And I."
And hide my face. Ah God! Why? Why?

—Anna Katharine Green.

FLIRTATION.

"Only 8 o'clock! How slowly the time passes!"

And Pauline Sedley yawned as she looked out over the purpling tints of the twilight sea, where now and then the bright reflection of a star seemed to splash into the waves.

It was a golden August evening moonless but radiant, with the balmy air full of fragrance of new-made hay mingling not unpleasantly with the salt breath of the sea, and the sky all glorious with the dolphin-like hues of the dying day, and Miss Sedley, sitting on the hotel balcony in her floating robes of white India muslin girdled with scarlet, and scarlet verbenas in her hair, made an exceedingly pretty adjunct to the scene. She was a brunette, with a brilliant complexion, all cream and crimson, jet black hair, straight and glossy as an Indian's and eyes whose melting brilliance was like the dusky glow of tropic stars.

No wonder that little Ralph Montacute, the enthusiastic boy of eighteen, was madly in love with her—no wonder that he hung on her slightest word as an Eastern devotee hangs on the priest's oracular utterances.

"Slowly, Pauline, when I am at your side," he said, a little reproachfully.

Pauline laughed and turned the diamond and opal ring carelessly around on her fingers.

"You are only a child, Ralph," she said, a little disdainfully.

"I am a year older than you, Pauline."

Pauline Sedley reached up to tap his flushed, beardless cheek with her fan.

"A girl of seventeen is equal to a man of twenty-seven, any time, Ralph. You're a nice little cavalier, and you dance the polka delightfully, but you see you are not fairly out of the top and ball phase yet. Now there's Gustavus Melville, he's a man, and your cousin Harry Livingstone, '*cavalier sans peur, sans reproche.*' Major Livingstone's majestic eyes are enough to set any woman's heart in a blaze."

She spoke abstractedly, looking out toward the sea, and apparently unconscious that she had any auditor but the far off waves and the mantling twilight.

"Pauline!" ejaculated the boy, passionately, "I may be young in years, but you have taught my heart premature development. You have no right to speak to me thus after playing with my affections all the summer."

Pauline glanced up in astonishment. Finished coquette that she was, she had hardly expected this outburst from the most insignificant of all her victims. She had encouraged Ralph Montacute's too visible infatuation simply because it pleased her to make a captive of the pretty boy, and now she was as much taken by surprise as would be the fisherman if a writhing trout should suddenly find voice to remonstrate when the hook was being twisted out of his quivering jaws.

"My dear Ralph, you are talking nonsense," she said lightly.

"Nonsense! Is it nonsense to tell you that I love you—that my heart has passed irrevocably into your keeping; that life will be a desert without you?"

"Yes—very absurd nonsense! Go back to school, Ralph, or college, for dear child, I should as soon think of marrying little Tony Warwick, who has just got out of merino frocks!"

Ralph Montacute was silent. Pauline's lightly spoken words of ridicule cut him to the heart.

"Pauline," he said, almost sternly, "do you think you have treated me honorably?"

Pauline yawned.

"Honorably! what a big word for the occasion! One must amuse one's self at a place like this, and you certainly ought to understand the difference between a mere harmless flirtation and real, sober earnest. Now, Ralph, do be sensible and leave off teasing me, that's a good boy."

Ralph turned away.

"I see Mr. Melville coming this way. You will excuse me, Pauline?"

"Oh, certainly!"

Pauline drew a deep breath of relief as her youthful swain walked away toward the star-lighted beach.

"Who would imagine that the little fellow would have laid it so seriously to heart?" she murmured softly as she extended a lily-white hand toward Mr. Melville, who with a half dozen others had sauntered up the piazza steps.

"You are looking grave, fair tragedy queen!" said Melville, drawing his bamboo chair a trifle closer to her. "May one of the humblest of all your slaves venture to ask why?"

"Did you ever kill or maim a butterfly?" demanded Pauline suddenly.

"A great many times, I am afraid, in the thoughtlessness of early youth. But why do you ask?"

"Because I have just done the same thing."

Mr. Melville glanced questioningly around.

"Oh," laughed Pauline, "it wasn't a real winged insect, Mr. Melville, I was but speaking metaphorically. After all that's a matter of no particular consequence—only a lesson the child needed to cure him of something very like presumption. It's little Ralph Montacute; he had the impertinence to tell me that he loved me. The idea of a child like that taking advantage of the encouragement one may have thoughtlessly given him to imagine—but it's too ridiculous."

"Faith, I don't see the ridiculous side of it," said Melville, sternly. "Montacute is young, but he is a manly fellow, and—pardon me, sovereign lady of all hearts—but you did encourage him most markedly."

"I never thought of anything serious," lisped Pauline, with an artlessness truly angelic; "it was only the chance amusement of an hour."

Melville shrugged his shoulders.

"A good deal like the story of the frogs and the boys," he said. "But to dismiss all less pleasant subjects—what do you say to a row on the sea by starlight?"

"I shall be delighted."

And the merry group vanished into the enpurpled darkness, their voices ringing on the air long after their forms were imperceptible.

Then, and not till then, a tall figure raised itself from the bamboo settee, or couch, just within the wide open windows, where the cool muslin curtains waved softly at every breath of the soft summer night breeze, and Major Harry Livingstone coolly walked out upon the piazza, igniting his cigar as he did so.

"The coquette!" he muttered between his set teeth; "the heartless flirt! Now I begin better to comprehend poor Ralph's varying moods of late. She had broke the boy's heart, and cares no more for it than if she had cracked one of the china cologne bottles on her dressing table! Well, this is a strange world! If Pauline had taken a handkerchief or purse from Ralph's pocket the iron hand of the law would be down upon her immediately, but she steals his heart right out of his bosom, and society looks on with smiling face and folded hands.

"Why is there no law, made and enacted, to punish such heartless crimes as these? For crimes they are—black, treacherous crimes, even though perpetrated so charmingly by beauties like Pauline Sedley and her sister coquettes! And this fair, innocent boy, whom I loved like a brother; the coldest heart might have spared him. By Cupid and all his attendant deities, I will be revenged on Pauline Sedley for this!"

At almost the same moment Ralph Montacute came slowly up the piazza steps. The lightness and elasticity of his gait were gone; he walked like one who had received a mortal wound.

"Ralph!"

Montacute started at his cousin's voice.

"You here, Harry?"

"Yes, all alone. Sit down beside me, old fellow; why are you not in the boating party?"

"I did promise this morning to make one of them; but—but—somehow I don't feel like it to-night."

Livingstone took his cousin's hand and pressed it with a firm, loving grasp.

"I know all about it, Ralph," he said mildly. "Don't be cast down—she isn't worth one pang of memory. The world is wide; life is long—you'll outlive this blow, if you only have patience to wait."

Montacute's head dropped on Harry Livingstone's shoulder.

"Oh, Harry! I did love her—I loved her dearly!"

"Take courage—she is not worth it."

And the stalwart soldier, soothing away his boy cousin's woe, was as gentle as a woman, even while he wondered to see that Ralph took it so keenly and bitterly to heart.

From that day the gay little world of the fashionable watering place was astonished at the devotion accorded by Major Livingstone to Miss Sedley. Pauline herself was more than astonished, she was elated and overjoyed. Major Livingstone was a man who was sought and courted by all the belles of society—a man whose "magnetic eyes," as she herself had phrased it, and tenderly modulated voice were enough to set any feminine heart in a blaze. He walked with her, he rode with her, he read poetry to her, he sat with her during the long golden September twilights, until Pauline felt that life beside him was the brightest boon Providence could accord. She haughtily discarded her other suitors; she cared no longer for ball-room or picnic parties—to her the whole world held but one man, and that was Harry Livingstone.

... kept just outside the charmed circle of love-making; he did not propose. And Pauline, growing almost sick at heart, counted the days that still remained of the season.

"He will propose to-morrow, or perhaps the day after," she whispered to herself. "Oh, surely, it must come soon."

It was the evening before the breaking up of the gay party that had enlivened the seaside hotel all summer, and a brilliant ball had been gotten up to celebrate the close of the brief; happy season. Pauline Sedley had dressed for this festivity with unusual care—somehow he felt that it was to be a crisis in her life. She wore a lemon colored crape dress on lemon-colored silk, like a fair, aureate cloud, and her hair was looped up, in its shining braids, by slender chains of gold. Her toilet, she knew by the murmur that pervaded the ball-room the moment she entered, was a success—and Harold Livingstone's handsome eyes rested upon her face with evident admiration.

But the evening passed away, throbbing its brilliant hours in music and ... and Harold never came near her. She had cavaliers in abundance—she was the cynosure of all eyes—but he, the man of all men, kept obstinately aloof!

"Take me to the balcony. I am stifling for want of fresh air," she said, almost pettishly, to the partner with whom she had just glided the redowa. "Thank you. I need detain you no longer."

And Mr. Guildersleen, feeling himself abruptly dismissed, left Pauline by the side of Major Livingstone and stalked away in high dudgeon.

"Harold," she breathed, softly, with pleading glance upward into his eyes, "you have not been near me all the evening!"

"I have been very busy with the companionship of my own thoughts," he answered coldly. "I start for Europe to-morrow morning."

"For Europe!"

"To be gone I hardly know how many years. I may visit India and the East before I return."

"Harold!"

He bent his head in cold courtesy.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Sedley—did you speak?"

"You will leave me, Harold?"

"I shall be obliged to leave many kind friends," he returned, indifferently.

There was a cold chill at Pauline's heart—a dizzy blindness before her eyes, but still she commanded herself. With her it was no idle matter of etiquette—it was a struggle for life and death!

"And you can leave me so calmly, Harold?"

He lightly whispered the bars of a popular tune:

Beware, beware of the gay cavalier,
Who loves and rides away.

"Harold," she cries, forgetting in the moment of agony all her feminine ... "I ... ? Oh, Harold, I ... let you go!"

"I am not aware, Miss Sedley, of ever having given you any encouragement——"

"Encouragement!" she answered bitterly. "What has this livelong summer been? What has your whole course of conduct toward me been? Oh, Harold, if you leave me now you will break my heart."

"Pauline," he said, sternly, "try to recall a night in August when Ralph Montacute, pleading for more than life, stood before you. As you said to him then, I now say to you: 'One must amuse one's self at a place like this, and you certainly ought to understand the difference between a mere flirtation and sober earnest.' I am holding to your lips the bitter cup that he drank to the dregs. How do you relish the flavor. Miss Sedley, I have the honor to bid you adieu—forever!"

And Pauline was alone on the flower-wreathed balcony—alone, with the stars shining above and the sorrowful music of Strauss' waltzes throbbing and moaning from within. Truly she had received her lesson!

Harold Livingstone was gone, and she never saw him again.

Pauline was never married; she is an old maid now with her glorious beauty faded, and her temper irritable and exacting. Who knows what she might have been if——

Ah, this world is full of ifs!

A Mouse that Liked Money.

Professor F. A. Paley relates the following in *Longman's Magazine* for November:

"Very many years ago, when I was living as a boy in a country vicarage in Yorkshire, I heard my mother say that a bank note, which she had laid on a shelf in a store-room, always kept locked by herself, had suddenly vanished. Our servants were quite above suspicion, and, on the other hand, the facts that the note had been laid in that particular place, and had disappeared, admitted of no doubt whatever.

"After some search in the store-room and the removal of most of the things in it, it was noticed that there was a mouse-hole in a corner of the floor. A happy thought suggested itself, that it should be explored. Accordingly a carpenter was sent for, and I have a very vivid recollection of standing by while a board was taken up, and the man's arm extended underneath it up to the shoulder. Immense quantities—I remember two large jars being quite filled—of minute bits of paper were drawn out, the accumulation, probably, of very many years. Strange to say, in one corner of the heap he got hold of a nest of young mice, and brought them out lying on the bank note! It was wholly uninjured, except from a slight stain; not the smallest portion had been nibbled away, and it was absolutely the only piece of paper left entire in all that heap.

"It happened, then, that the mouse had carried the note, folded up as it was, through its hole, and then unfolded and spread it out as a lining to its nest, and had used it as a blanket, evidently conscious of its softness and flexibility. The really wonderful part of the story is the leaving of this one piece of paper entire, apparently because it was of a different texture from the rest."

ISN'T IT TRUE?

THE man who marries without any trade, profession, visible means of support, or a rich father-in-law to feed him, is pronounced a fool; but a young woman who weds, without possessing any knowledge of the first rudiments of housekeeping; who knows how to eat bread, but not how to make it, and whose knowledge of domestic affairs is limited to getting up in time to eat a cold breakfast, is said to have made a good match. Will the female at the head of the class please stand up and tell us why young women should not be just as competent to preside over a household, as the man who is to provide for the same? When she has answered this question satisfactorily, we will go down in our grab bag and get another conundrum for her.

THE CHRONICLE.

BRIDGEPORT, JULY 3, 1886.

SAN FRANCISCO AGENT.

E. C. DAKE, 65 Merchants' Exchange.

A BLACK EYE.—The Democrats of the House gave the Pacific Coast a black eye the other day on the Chinese racket. At the morning session the Appropriation bill was before the House, when Morrow called attention to the small appropriation for carrying out the provisions of the Chinese Restriction Act—only $5,000, as being insufficient, and offered an amendment, increasing it to $10,000, which was adopted. In the afternoon Mr. Randall, the Democratic Great Mogul on Appropriations, appeared in his seat and expressed his indignation at the House for presuming to increase the appropriation without his sanction, and demanded a reconsideration, which was agreed to. The question then being on the adoption of the amendment, Randall opposed it, and it was defeated, every Republican voting for it, and every Democrat, excepting three, voting against it. California's only Democratic member, Henley, did not dare vote against Randall, consequently he did not vote, which was equivalent to a vote against it. The Republican Senate some time ago passed the new Restriction Act, but it bids fair to die in the Democratic House. Let the anti-Chinese clubs of this State and Nevada bear these little things in mind at the next November election for Congressmen.—The Republicans have always been the true friends of the workingman.

OVERLAND MONTHLY FOR JULY.—The July issue of the Overland opens Volume VIII of the new series, and contains the following choice and attractive articles:—Chata and Chinita, a Mexican seriel, III, IV, V; A Cruise on a Cayuse, A Lost Island, Irrigation and Drainage, In Thrall to Love, The Strolling Minstrel, A Princely Pioneer, June, A Meeting, Crossing the California Sahara, A Romance of the South Dome, Tenting Sketches, With Crawford in Mexico, Shakspere's Law, Piano Solo, Unfrequented Paths of Yosemite, Around the Horn in '49, Recent Fiction, etc.

Published by the Overland Monthly Co., San Francisco, at $4 per year.

BANCROFT'S CALIFORNIA.—The fifth volume of California, "Bancroft's Works," will be issued during the latter part of July; the terrible loss suffered by the author in the fire of April 30th, having checked the publication of his work only temporarily. The volume referred to, covers the period of gold discovery in 1849, and will be of very great general, as well as local, interest.

Since our last issue Death has claimed two of our distinguished countrymen, ex-Justice and ex-Senator David Davis, of Illinois, one of the most honorable men ever in public life, and S. W. Sanderson, of San Francisco, ex-Justice of the Supreme Court of California, and one of the most distinguished members of the Bar of this State.

The Fitz John Porter reinstatement bill passed the Senate and has been approved by the President. We cannot believe that the Court Martial, President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton erred in this matter.

NEW TO-DAY.

GRAND ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE BRIDGEPORT BRASS BAND.

ON SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 3.

—AT—

BRYANT'S HALL.

On which occasion will be presented the Drama, in 5 Acts, entitled

TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR ROOM.

With the following Cast of Characters:

Sample Swichel,	Joe A. Brown
Simon Slade,	C. B. Anton
JOE MORGAN,	W. O. PARKER
Frank Slade,	James Anton
Harvey Green,	Louis Murphey
Mr. Romaine,	Ben H. Miller
Willie Hammond,	E. Kirkwood
Mrs. Slade,	Miss Flora Sinclair
Mrs. Morgan,	Mrs. Joe A. Brown
Mary Morgan, (Joe's child)	Miss Cora McKinney
Mehitable Cartright,	Miss Nellie Anton

Introducing new features in the Barroom scenes, by Mr. A. J. Waltze.

Best of Music.

NO ICE! NO ICE!!

GRAND ILLUMINATED BALLOON ASCENSION

After the Performance.

Doors open at 7 30 P. M.

Performance to Commence at 8 o'clock.

TICKETS, $1; Childreu. Half price.

W. O. PARKER, Manager and Musical Director

Final Homestead Proof, No. 302.

LAND OFFICE AT BODIE, May 29, 1886.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Hon. Superior Judge of Mono County, or, in his absence, before the Clerk of his Court, at Bridgeport, on the 14th of July, 1886, viz.

GILBERT P. BRONSON.

For the S E ¼ of S. W ¼, S W ¼ of S E ¼, Sec. 5; N E ¼ of N W ¼, N W ¼ of N E ¼, Sec. 8, T. 8, N R 25 E,

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of said land, viz:

Wood Larson, Clark Eggleston, D. D. Elder, J F. Owens, all of Mono County, Cal.

je5-td D. WALKER, Register.

Independence, Inyo county, was almost entirely destroyed by fire on Wednesday afternoon. Loss estimated at about $200,000, on which there may be about $50,000 insurance. A portion of the county records were saved from the Court House.

Notice to Creditors of Insolvent.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNty of Mono, State of California,

IN THE MATTER OF ANDREW THOMPSON, an Insolvent debtor.

ANDREW THOMPSON

Having filed in this Court his petition, schedule and inventory in Insolvency, by which it appears that he is an Insolvent Debtor, the said

ANDREW THOMPSON

is hereby declared to be insolvent. The sheriff of the said County of Mono is hereby directed to take possession of all the estate, real and personal of the said

ANDREW THOMPSON,

insolvent debtor, except such as may be by law exempt from execution, and of all his deeds, vouchers, books of account and papers, and to keep the same safely until the appointment of an assignee of his estate. All persons are forbidden to pay any debts to the said insolvent, or to deliver any property belonging to him or to any person, firm, or corporation, or association for his use. The said Debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property, until the further order of this Court, except as herein ordered.

It is further ordered that all the Creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Hon. R. M. Briggs, Judge of the said Superior Court of Mono County, in open Court, at the Court Room of said Court, in the said County of Mono, on the

30th DAY OF JULY, 1886,

at 10 o'clock, A. M. of that day to prove their debts and chose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor.

It is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published in the BRIDGEPORT CHRONICLE-UNION, a newspaper of general circulation, published in the said county of Mono, as often as the said paper is published, before the said day set for the meeting of Creditors.

And it is further ordered, that, in the meantime, all proceedings against the said insolvent be stayed.

Dated June 16, 1886.

R. M. BRIGGS, Judge of the Superior Court.

[L S]

Attest: A true copy:

BEN H. MILLER, Clerk.

C. A. SCHUMAN, Attorney for Insolvent. je26

Notice to Creditors of Insolvent.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNty of Mono, State of California,

IN THE MATTER OF ARCH McNABB, AN Insolvent Debtor.

ARCH McNABB

Having filed in this Court his petition, schedule and inventory in Insolvency, by which it appears that he is an Insolvent Debtor, the said

ARCH McNABB

is hereby declared to be Insolvent. The sheriff of the said County of Mono is hereby directed to take possession of all the estate, real and personal of the said

ARCH McNABB,

insolvent debtor, except such as may be by law exempt from execution, and of all his deeds, vouchers, books of account and papers, and to keep the same safely until the appointment of an assignee of his estate. All persons are forbidden to pay any debts to the said insolvent, or to deliver any property belonging to him or to any person, firm, or corporation, or association for his use. The said Debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property, until the further order of this Court, except as herein ordered.

It is further ordered that all the Creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Hon. R. M. Briggs, Judge of the said Superior Court of Mono County, in open Court, at the Court Room of said Court, in the said County of Mono, on the

30th DAY OF JULY, 1886,

at 10 o'clock, A. M. of that day to prove their debts and chose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor.

It is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published in the BRIDGEPORT CHRONICLE-UNION, a newspaper of general circulation, published in the said county of Mono, as often as the said paper is published, before the said day set for the meeting of Creditors.

And it is further ordered, that, in the meantime, all proceedings against the said insolvent be stayed.

Dated June 16, 1886.

R. M. BRIGGS, Judge of the Superior Court.

Attest: A true copy.

BEN H. MILLER, Clerk.

C. A. SCHUMAN, Attorney for Insolvent. je26

FOR PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR AND CORONER.

O. F. STROBRIDGE.

Subject to the decision of the Republican Convention.

LEGAL.

SUMMONS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Mono, State of California.

MARY BARNARD, Plaintiff, vs. T. P. BARNARD, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the County of Mono, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said County.

C. A. SCHUMAN, Plaintiff's Attorney.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to T. P. Barnard, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the Superior Court of the said County of Mono, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days, (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a Decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between you and this Plaintiff, the award of the two minor children, Rose Annie Barnard and Absolum Woodworth Barnard, a reasonable provision for the support of said two minor children, and costs of this suit.

All of which will more fully appear on reference to the complaint on file herein, a copy of which accompanies this summons, and to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the County of Mono, State of California, this 15th day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-six.

L. S.

my15-2m BEN. H. MILLER, Clerk.

Notice.

ESTATE OF JOHN NICHOLSON, DECEASED.

All parties interested in said estate will please take notice that I have been substituted as Administrator, vice W. H. Rogers, deceased, and they are requested to correspond with me, and let me know of any transactions they may have had with said W. H. Rogers concerning said estate, as I am unable to find any papers, etc., etc., showing the condition of said estate,

Address, B. T. BROWN, Public Administrator. Bridgeport, Mono county, Cal.,

or to my Attorney, WM. O. PARKER Esq., Bridgeport, Mono county, Cal.

my8-tf

TYPE METAL

For sale at

This Office.

THIS PAPER is kept on file at E. C. Dake's Advertising Agency 64 and 65 Merchants' Exchange, San Francisco, where contracts for advertising can be made.

1776. 1886.

THE CITIZENS of BRIDGEPORT will CELEBRATE the FOURTH of JULY

(MONDAY, JULY 5th).

BY HAVING A

GRAND BARBICUE,

Procession,

AND

LITERARY EXERCISES.

MUSIC BY THE BRIDGEPORT BRASS BAND.

THE PEOPLE OF MONO COUNTY AND VICINITY ARE INVITED TO UNITE WITH US IN OBSERVING THE DAY.

Officers Of the Day.

GRAND MARSHAL,	C. F. McKINNEY
PRESIDENT,	HON. J. E. GOODALL
ORATOR,	REV. JAMES MELVIN
READER,	WM. T. ELLIOTT
CHAPLAIN,	REV G. B. HINKLE

A Federal Salute will be fired at sunrise, and National Salutes at noon and sunset.

The Bells will be rung a sunrise, noon and sunset.

PROCESSION.

Line will be formed at 10 o'clock sharp on Kingsley street, right resting on School street, and move in the following order.

GRAND MARSHAL C. F. McKINNEY.

Bridgeport Brass Band.

CAR OF STATE.

Containing

Goddess of Liberty, Lulu Brandon.

Alabama,	Grace Stewart
Arkansas,	Maud Stewart
California,	Mamie Parker
Colorado,	Helen Kirkpatrick
Connecticut,	Cordie Hays
Delaware,	Mamie Gurney
Florida,	Hattie Searles
Georgia,	Annie Pratt
Illinois,	Pearle Simmons
Iowa,	Myrtle Summers
Indiana,	Belle Allen
Kansas,	Ella Donnel
Kentucky,	Lillie Walters
Louisiana,	Clara Donnel
Maine,	May Hopkins
Maryland,	Jessie Montrose
Massachusetts,	Annie Bryant
Mississippi,	Lurie Wood
Michigan,	Eloise Elliott
Minnesota,	Lillie Kirkwood
Missouri,	Susie Gurney
Nevada,	Cora McKinney
Nebraska,	Mabel Montrose
New Hampshire,	Lottie Lowe
New Jersey,	Nellie Anton
New York,	Birdie Murphey
North Carolina,	Josie Seiler
Ohio,	Julia Allen
Oregon,	Addie Donnel
Pennsylvania,	Irene Miller
Rhode Island,	Bertie Montrose
South Carolina,	Minnie Seiler
Tennessee,	Gertie Fowle
Texas,	Lois McClellan
Vermont,	May Huntoon
Virginia,	Idell Simmons
West Virginia,	Lulu Montrose
Wisconsin,	Flora Sinclair
Arizona Territory,	Davie W. Hays
Dakota,	Dugy Anton
District of Columbia,	Gay Dunham
Idaho,	Roy Crowell
Montana,	Willie McKinney
New Mexico,	Ray Crowell
Utah,	Frank Waltze
Washington,	Patsey Parker
Wyoming,	Joe Gurney
Indian,	Albert Brandon

GUARD TO CAR.

David Hays, J. F. Crowell, S. A. Hopkins, E. Gahan.

Driver, A. D. Waltze.

Officers of the Day.

Invited Guests.

Federal, State and County Officers.

Bridgeport School.

Citizens on Foot.

Citizens in Carriages.

Citizens on Horseback.

Piute Indians.

The route will be through School street to Main, down Main to Bridge, countermarch on Main to Kirkwood Avenue, to School, to Bryant's Hall, where will take place the

EXERCISES OF THE DAY.

Address of Welcome by the President.
Prayer,
Hail Columbia, by the Band.
Reading of the Declaration.
America, by the Choir.
Drake's Address to the American Flag.
By Mrs. J. A. Brown.
Red, White and Blue, by the Band.
Oration.
Star Spangled Banner, by the Band.
Auld Lang Syne, by the Choir.
Benediction.

Grand Barbecue.

COMMITTEE ON BARBECUE.

E. Gurney, with Assistant.

Carvers, E. Gurney, H. Donnel, T. Gray.

Waiters, All gentlemen, young and old, of the Big Meadows.

Foot Racing.

For Children. Purse, $20.

Base Ball.

Purse, $20.

Sack Racing.

Liberal Purse.

Horse Racing

Private Purses.

Free Dance in the Evening.

COMMITTEE ON DANCE.

W. P. Brandon, Floor Manager; Caleb Hendrix, S. T. Williamson, O. H. Kister.

TUESDAY, 6th.

EXCURSION TO TWIN LAKES.

Fishing Tackle Free.

Free Lunch Spread.

THE COMMITTEE REQUEST

That the young ladies, on Car of State, dress in white, or as near as possible; that the young men wear dark pants and white waists; that the Guards wear sailors' blue shirts and black pants; that all persons assemble at the School House on Monday, July 5th, at 10 A. M. sharp.

Flags and sashes for occupants of Car of State will be ready upon arrival of the parties at the School House.

LEGAL.

Final Homestead Proof, No. 300.

LAND OFFICE AT BODIE, CAL., May 29, 1886.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Hon. Superior Judge of Mono County, or, in his absence, before the Clerk of his Court, at Bridgeport, on the 14th of July, 1886; viz:

JOHN F. OWENS

For the S W ¼ of N E ¼, N W ¼ of S E ¼, N E ¼ of S W ¼, and S E ¼ of N W ¼, Sec. 5, T. 8, N R 25 E.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of said land, viz:

Wood Larson, Clark Eggleston, D. D. Elder, G. P. Bronson, all of Mono County.

je5 td D. WALKER, Register.

MEDICAL.

DR. MINTIE,

THE SPECIALIST,

No. 11 Kearny Street, San Francisco, Cal.,

TREATS ALL CHRONIC, SPECIAL AND PRIVATE DISEASES WITH WONDERFUL SUCCESS.

THE GREATENGLISH REMEDY

IS A NEVER FAILING CURE for Nervous Debility, Seminal Weakness, Exhausted Vitality, Spermatorrhœa, LOST MANHOOD, Impotency, Paralysis, Prostatorrhœa, and all the terrible effects of Self-abuse, youthful follies and excess in maturer years, such as Loss of Memory, Lassitude. Nocturnal Emission, aversion to society, Dimness of Vision, Noises in the Head, excesses in drinking intoxicating liquors, the vital fluid passing unobserved in the urine, and many other diseases that add to insanity and death.

Dr. Mintie, who is a A Regular Physician, Graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, will agree to forfeit Five Hundred Dollars for a case of this kind the Vital Restorative (under his special advice and treatment) will not cure, or for anything impure or injurious found in it. Dr. Mintie treats all private diseases successfully without mercury. Consultation Free. Thorough examination and advice, including analysis of urin, $5. Price of Vital Restorative, $1 50 a bottle, or four times the quantity, $5, sent to any address upon receipt of price, or C. O. D. secured from observation, and in private name if desired, by Dr. Mintie, 11 Kearny Street, San Francisco, Cal. Send for list of questions and pamplet.

SAMPLE BOTTLE FREE.

Will be sent to any one applying by letter stating symptoms, sex and age. Strict secrecy in regard to all business transaction.

DR. MINTIE'S KIDNEY REMEDY, NEPHRETIC, cures all kinds of Kidney and Bladder complaints, Gonorhœa, Gleet, Leucorrhœa, etc. For sale by all druggists, $1 a bottle or six bottles for $5.

DR. MINTIE'S DANDELION PILLS are the best and cheapest DYSPEPSIA and BILIOUS cure in the market. For sale by all druggists. ap18-1p

DR. LIEBIG'S WONDERFUL GERMAN INVIGORATOR

The greatest remedy for the cure of Nervous and physical Debility, Vital Exhaustion, Weakness, Loss of Vitality, and all the results of indiscretion, etc. The German Treatment prevents permanently all unnatural losses from the system

The Doctor, a regular college physician from Europe, will agree to forfeit $1,000 for a case undertaken not cured. The reason thousands can not get cured of Weakness, Lost Vitality, and the above diseases, is owing to a complication called PROSTATORRHEA, with Hyperæsthesia, which requires special treatment.

DR. LIEBIG'S INVIGORATOR NO. 2 is the only positive cure for PROSTATORRHEA. Price of either Invigorator, $5, case of six bottles, $10.

DR. LIEBIG & CO. for the past seventeen years have made an exclusive specialty of Diseases of Men. Disease, however, induced, speedily, thoroughly and permanently cured, recent cases in a few days; inveterate cases skillfully treated; charges moderate.

Nervous prostration, premature debility, melancholia, weakness of advancing years, and all relaxed, languid or exhausted conditions of the vital forces specially treated and radically cured; also blood poisonin and disease of the liver and kidneys.

Call or address DR. LIEBIG & CO., 400 Geary Street, San Francisco. Private entrance 405 Mason Street, four blocks up Geary street from Kearney.

Most Powerful Electric Belts free to patients.

☞ To prove the wonderful power of the INVIGORATORS a $2 bottle given free. Consultation, advice and examination free and private. (031-tf)

MISCELLANEOUS. MISCELLANEOUS.

POSTOFFICE STORE,

BRIDGEPORT, MONO COUNTY, CAL.,

HAS IN STOCK

Choice Family Groceries,

FANCY GOODS, DRY GOODS,

CLOTHING,

BOOTS, SHOES and HATS,

Wines and Liquors,

PAINTS, OILS, LAMPS, CHIMNEYS and WICK

Hardware,

Stationery, Confectionary,

Powder and Shot.

A. F. BRYANT.

THE BODIE STORE,

Bodie, Cal.,

Dealers in

General Merchandise.

FRESH ARRIVALS WEEKLY.

Prices to Suit the Times.

Give Us a Call!

D. HAYS & BRO

MAIN STREET, BRIDGEPORT,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

General Merchandise,

Consisting of

GROCERIES, HARDWARE,

Provisions

Wines and Liquors.

CLOTHING,

DRY GOODS, BOOTS AND SHOES.

Paints, Oils, Sash, Windows, Doors and Glass,

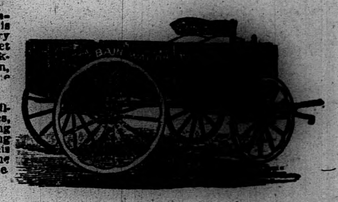
BUCKEYE MOWERS and AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

Agents for

FORRESTER SUBMERGED PUMP

Is a Double-Acting Non-Freezing Force Pump. It is simple in construction, very durable, and not liable to get out of order. Having no packings but a water lubrication, the friction and wear of the parts are less than in any other Pump.

As FORCE PUMP it is available for extinguishing fires, washing carriages, forcing water to distant points, filling tanks, etc. Its simplicity is used in connection with this pump, it being held in place by a continuation of the stationary pipe. It is cheapest & best for general use. Dealers specially interested. Send for circular.



THE UNION.

BRIDGEPORT, JULY 3, 1886.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

THE FOURTH.

In accordance with their usual custom, the citizens of Bridgeport will celebrate the Day on Monday by having a grand barbecue, procession, the customary literary exercises, and a grand ball in the evening, which will be free to all. On Tuesday there will be an excursion to Twin Lakes, where a sumptuous lunch will be spread by the Committee. The camping grounds are in excellent condition, and with sailing on the lakes, fishing, etc., a good time will be had. Nothing will be left undone by the Committee to make the celebration a grand success, and worthy of our town. A cordial invitation has been extended to the people of our county and "the rest of mankind" to unite with us, and the prospects are good for a large attendance from the outside.

After Nineteen Years.—Our popular ex-Under Sheriff W. A. Wilcox, having served in the Union cause and received an honorable discharge, left his discharge papers in a cabin, which was subsequently burned by Indians, and he supposed his papers had gone up in smoke. A short time ago he forwarded to the War Department an affidavit of his loss, with a petition for duplicate papers. On Wednesday Mr. Wilcox had his affidavit returned with the original discharge, which some thoughtful person had found and forwarded to the War Department, where it had been on file nineteen years.

Useless.—Some of the Republicans of Bodie regret that the publication of the Free Press ceased upon the eve of an election, and advance the proposition to lease the office and publish a campaign paper. This would necessitate the services of an editor, reporter, compositors and pressman. These, with innumerable incidental expenses, would cost not less than $1,500. The Central Committee and candidates do not intend to squander money in that direction. This is a cold fact. It is well known that the Free Press never wielded any political influence, being on a par with the Miner, which has always done its party more harm than good.

Farewell.—In bidding farewell to Bro. Parker, of the late Bodie Free Press, we must say that he has conducted that paper in a gentlemanly and dignified manner, nothing of a vulgar or disreputable nature having been indited or published in that journal while under his control, and with its death Bodie is left without a decent local newspaper. Bro. Parker has our best wishes for his success in future undertakings, journalistic or otherwise.

Buy a Ticket.—Don't fail to buy a ticket to the Band Dramatic Entertainment, to be given at Bryant's Hall this evening, when "Ten Night's in a Barroom" will be played by our home talent in a manner that would be creditable to an old stock company. After the performance there will be a grand illuminated balloon ascension. The proceeds of this entertainment will be used in the purchase of new instruments. There should be a large attendance.

Show Your Gallantry.—It is the wish of the Committee that Bridgeport gentlemen will wait upon those seated at the tables. Heretofore our ladies have performed this tiresome duty, which has marred their enjoyment of the Day. This will be a fitting opportunity for our young men to show their gallantry—and the old boys are not barred out, unless the youngsters muster too strongly.

Political.—Supervisor Geo. Watterson, of Benton, whose term expires on the first Monday of January next, is favorably spoken of as a Republican candidate for Assessor. Prof. Knowlton, of Bodie, is mentioned as likely to be a candidate for the Republican nomination for Superintendent of Schools. Prof. Hampton, of Bridgeport, has also been mentioned in connection with the same office.

Services To-morrow.—Rev. Father Melvin, of Bodie, will hold services at the School House to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock. All are cordially invited to attend. As this is the first time Father Melvin will hold services here, there should be a good attendance. He is a pleasing speaker and our people will like him.

Trial Jurors.—In the Superior Court, on Tuesday, the names of thirty-five trial jurors, for the July term, were drawn from the jury box, and Sheriff McKinney is looking up the owners of said names, which must be answered to before Judge Briggs on the 12th.

Trial Set.—On Tuesday Michael Havlin appeared before the Superior Court with his counsel, W. H. Virden, and pleaded "not guilty" to the charge of murdering John Lawlor at Bodie. Judge Briggs set the trial for July 12th.

Everybody.—It is expected that everybody will turn out in the procession on Monday, either on foot, horseback or in carriages and wagons. There is no reason why we should not have a creditable procession.

Broke Down.—Nay, with a heavy load of Fourth of July goods, etc., broke an axle of one of his wagons near the Mountain House, and will probably not reach here before Tuesday.

All Busy.—Our citizens are all busy getting ready for the Fourth.

Ice Cream and fruit at Mrs. Hanson's, at Gurney's old stand.

SUSPENSION OF THE BODIE FREE PRESS

The suspension of the Free Press, on Wednesday, was not unexpected, it having been on the decline for the past four years. Seven years ago the Bodie Typographical Union, comprising the compositors in the offices of the Free Press, News and Standard, "ratted" the Chronicle office for employing female compositors at 50 cents per 1,000 ems, instead of men at 65 cents. Our compositors were promptly paid every Monday. The gallant Typographical Union waged a relentless war against 4 married and 2 single ladies. The "Father" of the Chapter notified the office and advised the ladies to leave. The fellow was working in the News office at 65 cents, and it owed him $400. It boycotted this office, and the saloons yielded to the demands of their best, but unprofitable customers, and stopped the paper. The business men and Miners Union stood by us. We were the first in California to employ female compositors, and now they are found in most of the offices in the State. The Press and News finally had them. In response to the ratting and boycotting, we said that the Chronicle would live to publish the obituaries of those journals, and that their insolent and shiftless printers would shake the dust of Mono from their brogans. To-day the Chronicle publishes the obituary of the last and meanest of the trio, and not one of the printers darkens the confines of Mono county. Although the saloons tabooed us in the paltry sum of 25 cents per week, yet four of them subsequently paid the boycotted journal for insolvent notices. Thus has it ever been with those who mistake their men and work, when they undertake to "clean out" the Chronicle office. Next gentleman!

The Free Press was a creature of circumstances—built up, fostered and nursed at the trough of the United States Land Office, at Bodie, at the expense of its contemporaries, and the Land Office victims. Starting as an advertising sheet of small dimensions and free circulation, it languished until one morning it appeared enlarged to make room for 32 timber advertisements which had been pocketed by the Receiver, editor of the Standard, until he perfected the purchase of an interest in the Press. The charge of the Chronicle and News for such was $10, yet the Receiver was paid $15 for each of the 32. Thus it went on, the grist of the Land Office went to the Press mill, except crumbs, which occasionally fell to the lot of this office. It was only when the Standard placed at the head of its column that its rate was $10, the Receiver relinquished the extra $5. To retain the patronage to the Receiver's paper, Cleveland, his partner, was appointed Register, vice Goodall, resigned. The resignation was in favor of Cleveland. The falling off in Land Office and mining advertising crippled the Free Press, reducing it to a tri-weekly and curtailing the size. Its patronage exhibiting a loss of thirty-three per cent., Osborne wisely concluded to lease it to Childs, and resigned from the Land Office in his favor. A further reduction of fifty per cent. disgusted Childs, who resigned the Receivership, and went to Mexico. J. E. Parker leased it, and on Wednesday it ceased to exist, as evidenced by the following announcement by O. E. Jones:

"The publication of the Bodie Free Press will terminate with this issue, and its good will, business, etc., merge into the Bodie Evening Miner."

From this it appears that Osborne has roped his old iron and worn out type upon his "friend" Jones, with the "good will" thrown in as a clincher. The enterprising Jones, before he took possession of the junk, put the old-time "improvement" upon it, which is on record in the Recorder's office of Mono county. We congratulate Brother Osborne upon the success of his clearing sale of rubbish—even if none of the notes are paid.

Complimentary.—In his card to the public on taking possession of the wornout material of the defunct Bodie Free Press, Orlando E. Jones, of that "sterling" Democratic oddity, the Bodie Miner, uses the following complimentary language, which, we suppose, was pleasant reading to the majority of Jones' advertising patrons, who are staunch Republicans:

"The paper has heretofore been understood to be Republican in its proclivities. As it would be an utter impossibility for an honest man to publish a Republican newspaper the publication of the Bodie Free Press will terminate with this issue."

What a terrible arraignment of Republicans! Not an honest Republican in all this fair land of Republican newspapers, to which great party three-quarters of them belong! The San Francisco Alta says that the Fool Killer has gone to Maine—to look after the man who has accepted the Democratic nomination for Governor of that State, undoubtedly—and it will be some time before that individual can work his way across the continent to Bodie, so the people of our sister town must put up with Jones' idiotic ravings until his arrival.

Religious.—Rev. G. B. Hinkle will hold services in the School House to-morrow week at 11 A. M. All are cordially invited to attend.

Coming.—The Pintes and Washoe Indians are gathering, to get a share of the barbecue.

A Wise Reform.

The habit of administering quinine in powerful doses, as an antidote to malarial maladies, was once dangerously common. Happily this practice has undergone a wide reform. Not only the public, but professional men have adopted, not wholly, of course, but largely, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as a safe bontanic substitute for the pernicious alkaloid. The consequences of this change are most important. Now fever and ague sufferers are cured—formerly their complaints were only for the time relieved, or half cured—the remedy eventually failing to produce any appreciable effect, except the doses were increased. A course of the Bitters, persistently followed, breaks up the worst attacks and prevents there return. The evidence in favor of this sterling specific and household medicine is of no ambiguous character, but positive and satisfactory, and the sources whence it proceeds are very numerous.

The Jury.—The following are the jurymen to appear on the 12th inst: Joe A. Brown, H. P. Noyes, C. F. Hector, M. M. Waltze, J. C. Stawart, Peter Roux, J. R. Watts, A. D. Waltze, Jos. Carney, H. Cohen, E. Gahen, F. E. Hunewill, M. Cullinan, Andrew Arrild, A. J. Severe, Andrew Thompson, Thos Chappel, A. Maranville, Robt. Hammill, Jas. McCollum, H. E. Wilson, H. L. Leavitt, John Matley, John McAllister, Wm. Davidson, S. S. Howland, D. Hays, A. C. Erank, Jas. Logan, F. P. Williard, B. Peeler, John Lawler, John McKay, Henry Meyers, Wm. Radley.

Assessment Roll.—The assessment roll of Mono county exhibits a total valuation of $1,112,817, which does not include the assessment on the C. & C. Railroad. If it is assessed the same as last year, $66,666 may be added to the above amount, which will make the total valuation $1,179,483—an increase of $198,063 over last year. It is gratifying to know that Mc. has made so good a showing. With the reduction of salaries and no Antelope Road bond to pay, our taxes next Fall should not be over four per cent. Assessor McAlpin will deliver the roll to the Clerk of the Board of Supervisors, Ben. H. Miller, on Tuesday next.

Bodie Land Office.—The President declining to rescind the order to remove the United States Land Office to Independence, Inyo county, with an intimation that the officers can resign if they do not wish to emigrate, Register Walker and Receiver Cody have forwarded their resignations. It will probably be two months before the office is removed.

Decline.—The Miner says that the want of a press need not defer the publication of the Mono Record, at Bodie, as it will loan us a press. As we are not using material unpaid for, and do not intend to, we decline to work the Record on a mortgaged press which is likely to be foreclosed.

Home Again.—This noon Mrs. A. H. Allen arrived home from San Francisco with health improved. John D. Murphy also returned from the State University, to spend his vacation.

In Good Order.—Main street has been put in good order for the procession on Monday, the dust and sand having been conquered by flooding the street its entire length.

To the Children.—The Car of State children are requested to be at the school house, on Monday morning, promptly at 10 o'clock.

Board of Supervisors.—The Board of Supervisors will meet in regular session on Monday next, when Chairman Goodnow will adjourn the meeting till Tuesday.

Holiday Attire.—Main street is looking gay in its patriotic holiday attire of flags and evergreens, in honor of the National Anniversary.

Mortgages.—Two interesting mortgages, real and chattel, have been placed on record. Bodie Miner please copy.

Reduced.—The salary of the Postmaster at Bodie has again been reduced—this time to $1,000.

In Council.—The sheep owners are in session this afternoon consulting about the sheep license ordinance.

Keep Near Shore.—As we have said before, small craft should keep near shore.

TRANSFERS.

The following deeds have been filed in the County Recorder's office; O. H. Kister, Recorder.

G. K. Porter to C. H. Kelly, house and lot, West & Bryant's, on Main street, Bodie.

On July 7th, the International Convention of Ironmolders will be held at London, Ont., at which 200 Unions, with a membership of about 35,000, of the United States and Canada will be represented.

Those who do all, or a portion, of their shopping in Bodie, are requested to call on Silas B Smith, at the Grand Central Store, opposite the Occidental Hotel, and inspect the stock of Fourth of July Goods; such as every variety of white goods for dresses, with laces and edgings for trimmings, gloves, mitts, hosiery, corsets, underwear, shoes, slippers, hoopskirts, etc. Gentlemen can find underwear—shirts, collars, neck scarfs, socks, gloves—twenty varieties, and many other articles.

"The Star" Hams.—Send to the Bodie Store, by Fairfield, for "The Star" hams.

Fresh Strawberries, oranges and lemons at Montrose & Bradshaw's, Bodie.

Skating Rink.—The Skating Rink will be open on Saturday evenings for the season.

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Have you tried the fine cider at Bryant's Post Office Store?

Collars, Cuffs, Neckties, Handkerchiefs, and Socks, for sale at Joe A. Brown's.

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE rates of tolls on the

EAST WALKER RIVER WAGON ROAD

are as follows:

Buggy team	$1 50
Loaded wagon and two animals	1 00
Each additional pair of animals	50
Horseman	25
Pack animals, each	25
Hogs and sheep, each	5
Loose stock, each	5

Empty teams, half-price.

BIG MEADOWS AND BODIE TOLL ROAD.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE rates of tolls on the

BIG MEADOWS AND BODIE WAGON ROAD

are as follows:

Buggy team	$1 50
Loaded wagon and two animals	1 00
Each additional pair of animals	50
Horseman	25
Pack Animals, each	25
Hogs and sheep, each	5
Loose stock, each	5

Empty teams half-price.

No deadheads will be permitted to pass on the road.

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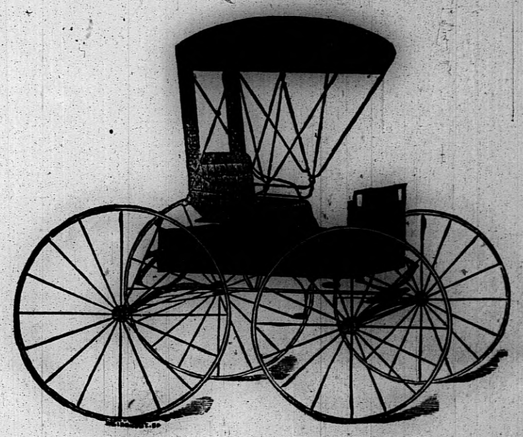

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Re-Registrtion.

Office of County Clerk of Mono County, California. January 6th, 1886.

In accordance with an order of the Board of Supervisors of Mono County, California, made and entered January 6th 1886, a re-registration of the voters of said Mono County is required in compliance with Section 1094 of the Political Code, amended March 20th, 1878.

[L.S.] BEN. H. MILLER, County Clerk.

ja16

THE UNION.

JULY 3, 1886

COLD AND SNOW.

Some Common and Traditional Ideas That Are Entertained of Them.

Now two of the vulgar notions of this latitude, says Charles Dudley Warner in *Harper's* for April, are that we need "bracing up," and that snow is a useful product, consequently the more severe cold weather we have and the more snow the better off we are. And people go on believing this to their deaths every year. As to snow, there is a sentimental notion of its beauty as well as of its utility. And a good deal can be said for it from an artistic point of view. But we are not placed in this stern world merely to indulge our sensuousness. We are put here to make the most of our powers, in view of a hereafter; and long life is a duty, besides being, in the old-testament view, a reward of virtue. It is probably necessary to have snow at the poles, in order to keep the poles cool and insure a proper circulation and change of air round the globe, just as it is necessary to keep the equator so hot that it is unpleasant to sit on it as on a kitchen stove. Snow, indeed, might do a little harm in a land where the sun never shone. But in this region, where the sun does shine, where half the winter days are clear, the only effect of the presence of snow is to fill the atmosphere with chilling moisture, lung fever, and that sort of thing. The pleasanter the weather, the more sunshine we have; with snow on the ground, the worse is our condition. And yet it is in vain to argue with people. They are wedded to traditional ideas and full of prejudice, and it seems impossible to convince them that snow in this region is harmful. It does no good to demonstrate to them that but for snow we should have a royal winter climate. On a small scale we see occasionally what it might be. There were such days in January last. The snow had disappeared, the sun shone with the light, but not the heat (like an electric lamp) of May and the air was pure, exhilarating, but not damp and grave-like. It would have been perfect but for the chill that came down from the vast snow fields of Canada, where cold and snow are worshiped and feted all winter. And yet, after such experience, people, convinced, go back to snow. The ignorance of this scientific age is discouraging.

The other vulgar notion is that a hand-to-hand struggle with extreme cold for months does a person good—braces him up. It must be admitted that up to a certain point any struggle or trial is invigorating to the moral and intellectual nature. But we see what too much indulgence in this leads to. The Esquimau is but little raised above the polar bear and the seal. His whole existence is just an effort to keep alive, to get blubber and skins enough to generate and keep in his body vital heat. He can think of nothing else; he has room for no other mental effort. We see the same thing in the diaries and accounts of the polar exploration fanatics. It would be the most painful reading in the world if it were not so monotonous. Each one tells exactly the same story—the story of his physical struggle to keep alive with the thermometer 50 degrees below zero. Soon the mind has no other occupation than this struggle. It almost ceases to work in any other direction. This is interesting to us at first as a study of the capacity of the human organism to resist the unrestrained attacks of nature. The experience of a person who should in this latitude, in winter, retire to an ice house, with a hatchet and a supply of frozen hash, a whale-oil lamp, and a fur overcoat and body bag, and sit on the ice in the darkness, and record his feelings, the gradual lowering of the vital powers, the concentration of the mind upon the numbness of his legs, would doubtless have a physiological interest. But the second experimenter would not interest his readers so much as the first with his narrative.

Beauty Spots.

A quaint freak of fashion that was coincident with the time of the courtly dames who powdered their hair is rapidly running up the scale of popular favor. It is the use of what is known as beauty spots as a means of adornment. They are made in all forms, the most favored being half moons and little stars. At a recent high-society gathering one lady wore a tiny coach-and-four in black plaster on her forehead. These patches may be purchased of almost any hair dresser in the city. One of the dealers in articles for the toilet had this to say: "We have these ornaments in all styles. See, here is a box of one dozen different patterns." He opened a small pasteboard box and displayed twelve little pieces of court-plaster cleverly cut into various designs. A coach-and four, a man on a bicycle, a ship in full sail, Punch and Judy, and others were among the number. The fashion was reintroduced at the grand ball of the French consulate in London last November by the Countesse de Berangeres, one of the ladies in waiting on the exiled Empress Eugenie. It was considered so becoming that it instantly became the rage and was quickly sent over here. The final touch was put to the movement at a late hair-dressers' convention at Vienna, when patches were employed on each of the competing hair-dressers.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

Wade Hampton's Crow Story.

General Hampton tells me that while on his Mississippi plantation he saw a tame crow that could laugh and talk. The bird would say "Hello," "How are you?" and several other things of like import. It was the most wonderful raven since the days of Barnaby Rudge and Edgar Poe. One morning a vast number of crows assembled in a tree on the plantation and prepared for a pow wow. The tame bird flew among them and, rearing up, saluted the congregation with a brisk "Hello. How are you?" His astonished brethren scattered in alarm, as if they had been fired upon from a mountain howitzer. This marvelous fowl of the air was to have been taken to the New Orleans Exposition, but its sudden disappearance prevented. General Hampton surmises that some negro shot him by mistake.

PRETTY FEET.

The Relation of the Foot to the Rest of the Body.

A woman with a disproportionately large foot is by common consent entitled to pity. But it is not the size of the foot which good taste objects to, but its relation to the rest of the body. A large woman with the tiny foot of a girl would be as disproportionate as the small woman with a large foot. What is known in the market as the No. 1 boot can not by any means be made to go upon the foot of any woman whose physical proportions bear any comparison with those of the Venus de Medici, which is the representation of a large and voluptuous woman. Women who wear the No. 2 boot do not, as a rule, come under the head of voluptuous women. They are petite, vivacious, pert, pretty, anything you like, but they are not the Medician type. Large women, said a well-known artist and expert, must have feet that to be beautiful would be very ugly on a smaller woman. The No. 1 boot is to a large extent a female hallucination.

It is to a much larger extent, perhaps, a female curse, for those women who dare not undergo its miseries grow sooner or later to believe that they do, and are can not burn out of them the conviction that their shoes are No. 1. Nobody but the woman herself knows what tortures are undergone by the slave with a No. 2 foot who is chained to a No. 1 shoe. Professional women who exhibit their feet are, of course more subject to this tyranny of the shoe than other women, and it may not be generally known that there are emotional and tragic actresses who, when all other means of simulating agony and awkening pity fail, rush to the No 1 boot. They put that on and a sad, far-away look of unutterable despair comes into their eyes, neuralgic shadows play about their mouths, their chins quiver with unexpressed grief, their temples throb with indescribable woe. Then the spectators are moved. The fountains of human sympathy are opened, and the critics call it soul agony and that touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. Seen from the front the No. 1 boot on these occasions is apparently sweet and guileless.

No one could possibly suspect it of devilish pains that would make an inquisitor sick. For the wearer does not let the boot take the credit of her tears when they can be imputed to soul and heart and other things than feet. But could we see the same feet as they really are, in all their flat, stale, and unprofitable naturalness, we should begin to understand how infamously mistaken that wretch was who said that nature unadorned is adorned the most.

And here it is worth while to remark en passant, that the ballet dancer's foot, contrary to the popular notion, is not and can not be a small one. The development consequent upon continuous physical exercise settles the conventional idea of comeliness. A ballet dancer never wears a tight boot, and when she is dancing she wears shoes which are models of adaptability and freedom. But nevertheless the muscles and tendons of the foot are enlarged. The veins stand out, and there is a general appearance of strength rather than of beauty. All this may be obnoxious to the fastidious taste of the Greek sculptor, but there is really nothing repugnant to good sense in it. By the side of the ordinary society foot when bared to the light, the ballet dancer's is a thing of beauty. There is no one society belle in ten that dares to bathe at the seaside without hose on. Do you know why? Ask the No. 1 boot.

A Doctor's Vision.

When Dr. More was a student at Cambridge, in Queens College, he was standing at the door of the dining-room one day when he saw a Mr. Bonnell come out of the hall, looking as he always did in life. A friend near was struck by the appearance of the man, and asked who it was. when More told him, mentioning some particulars of Bonnell's history, where he was from, and commenting upon his personal appearance. That evening the prayers of the college were desired for one who was in a sick and dangerous condition. More asked who was sick, and was told that it was Bonnell, when he at once declared he had seen Bonnell that day, and was assured that it was impossible, for the man had not left his bed for a considerable time. But More insisted that he had seen the man, and brought his friend to witness to the truth of his statement. The same day Bonnell died, and the stranger who was with More, and had seen the figure, identified the body of Bonnell as that of the man he had noticed coming out of the hall at noon, and at a time when he was positively known Bonnell was lying unconscious in his room.—*London Society.*

A Reason for Male Attire.

My thin boots wore out in a few days. I forgot to hold up my dress and covered my petticoats with mud. My bonnets were spoiled one after another by the rain. I generally returned from the expeditions I took dirty, weary and cold. Whereas my young men acquaintances—some of whom had been the companions of my childhood in Berri—had none of these inconveniences to submit to. I therefore had a long gray cloth coat made, with a waistcoat and trousers to match. When this costume was completed by a gray felt hat and a long woolen cravat, no one could have guessed that I was not a young student in my first year. My boots were my particular delight. I should like to have gone to bed with them. On their little iron heels I wandered from one end of Paris to the other; no one took any notice of me or suspected my disguise.—*Histoire de ma Vie — George Sand.*

The pyramid of Cholula, not far from the City of Mexico, is the most massive monument ever raised in America. Its base covers forty-five acres; it is 150 feet high, in terraces composed of stone and brick and natural soil heaped up in layers.

Baron Rupertswood, the richest man in Australia, is worth $200,000,000. His father, Mr. Clarke, went to New South Wales with a few thousand pounds and bought land where the city of Melbourne afterward was built. The little ball of gold increased in size like the traditional snow-ball.

THE LIME KILN CLUB.

Bro. Gardner Discourses on Economy and Charity.

As the meeting opened there was a strong smell of burning meat in the hall, and the echoes of the triangle had scarcely died away when Elder Toots made a break for the door in a way to upset half a dozen different members and bring down another large piece of plaster from the ceiling. He had gone to sleep with his foot on the hot stove to thaw out the chilblains. They had thawed, and the heat had worked down through five years' layer of cement and got at the real flesh. When the excitement had been allayed, and the keeper of the outer door had reported that the Elder was down in the alley with both feet in a barrel of ice water, Brother Gardner said:

"When I find a sober, industrious working-man who am out o' work I am gwine to reason dat it am de natercal consequence of de general depreshun in bizness. When I find dat same pusson in want o' bread I am gwine to ax him sartin queshuns. I want to know what he did wid his wages. If he libed as he came a man airnin' $2 per day I want to know why he hasn't sunthin' laid up. If he airned $2 a day and libed at de rate of $25 per week I has no further use for him.

"Each winter we h'ar dis cry of charity. Each winter de man who has managed to save up a leetle am told dat it am his solemn dooty to hand a part of it ober to charity. We are not to ax men an' women whether they worked or idled de summer away; whether deir airnin's went for luxuries or necessities; whether they spent wid a free hand or denied demselves a single thing. If de sales of beer an' tobacco depended on de rich an' moderately well-off de bizness would decrease two-thirds. If our summer excursion boats depended on de same class dey wouldn't run. If our street cars had no other patrons dey would stop deir trips. Our circuses an' theaters am supported by de workin' classes. Our toy stores an' bazaars make few sales to de rich.

"Nineteen out of twenty of our working men use ebery dollar of deir wages from week to week, an' not one laborer in fifty am satisfied to lib on his airnin's. De rich practice economy; de poor waste an' destroy. In my humble home we practice economy. We remake an' remodle. We color over old clothes, an' peel de 'taters close. If we earn seben dollars a week we stop when we hev spent six. When de fall ends an' winter comes we has sunthin' laid up. Does dat sunthin' belong to us, who have pinched an' planned an' saved, or to charity—which means de man who has idled half his time away an' had his tobacco and beer regularly—which means de woman who has dressed in cashmere when she orter hev dressed in caliker—which means de fam'ly who has had oysters on Sundays when I had co'n beef. I ax no man to close his heart or purse agin honest people who hev met wid bad luck, but de so-called charity of to-day am a premium on idleness and extravagance—an aid in maintainin' a class of leeches who have neither shame, industry nor gratitude."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Pair of Shoes

A great naturalist said, "Show me a scale, I'll draw the fish." Had he been a shoemaker he might have said, "Show me a shoe, I'll tell the wearer." The sandal of the Arab, the tiny shoe of the high-bred woman of China, the wooden dancing-shoe of the Dutch, the high-heeled court slipper or the sensible walking shoes of the English and Americans, proclaim their nationality to the tyro. An amateur might not readily recognize the characteristics of different districts within a single nation, but the practiced designer must know that in the United States, for instance, your Northerner wants his shoe comfortable, neat, and stylish; the Southerner asks for something fancy and handsome; the agricultural West demands solidity, fullness, and an article stout to break the land for a coming population.

"A pair of shoes" is one of the most typical products of modern industry. To make them the animal kingdom contributes from the herds roaming on western plains or South American pampas, or from the barn-yards near at home; the vegetable, from dotted groves of hemlock and oak or from the great forests still left to us. Great textile manufactories supply cloth and thread; mines, furnaces, and forges combine to furnish nails or wire. A hundred machines have been invented, one of which has changed the whole course of a great industry and produced large cities. Through scores of processes, the forty-four pieces of a pair of shoes require to bring them together the co-operation of fifty men, women, and children; the division of labor is pursued to the utmost, demanding in turn for its successful maintenance the dispersion of product the world over; until, as a result, you, well-shod readers, can buy for three dollars what would have cost your forefathers six.

As the reader buys a pair of shoes his next pair may at the same moment be dodging the lasso of the "cow-boy" on some far-away plain, or perhaps be in process of slaughter at Chicago. The perishable beef promptly reaches the market, and one day soon you dine from a fat, juicy roast, little thinking as you smack your lips after dinner that the fine, pliable skin which once protected the delicate morsel may at some time contribute to your outward comfort. Stranger things have happened. The skins or hides meantime are salted and the buyer of salted hides sends part of them, say, to Peabody, Massachusetts, to be tanned for upper-leather, and the rest to central New York, to be tanned for sole-leather.—*H. M. Newhall, in Harper's Magazine for January.*

What Makes Complexion.

A pigment under the epidermis makes the complexion. The colored person has a black pigment, the brunette a light brown pigment. When there is no pigment in the skin an Albino is the result, with pink eyes, white hair and white skin. When there is an excess of pigment freckles, moles and birth marks appear. Freckles are not alone due to the action of the sun. Some people have them in abundance on parts of the body not exposed to the sun. The hair are hollow tubes, and have a supply of pigment sent into them which determines the color of the hair. The pigment comes from the blood. White hair may be from absence of pigment or from the presence of air in the tubes.

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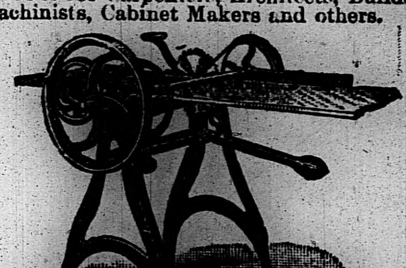

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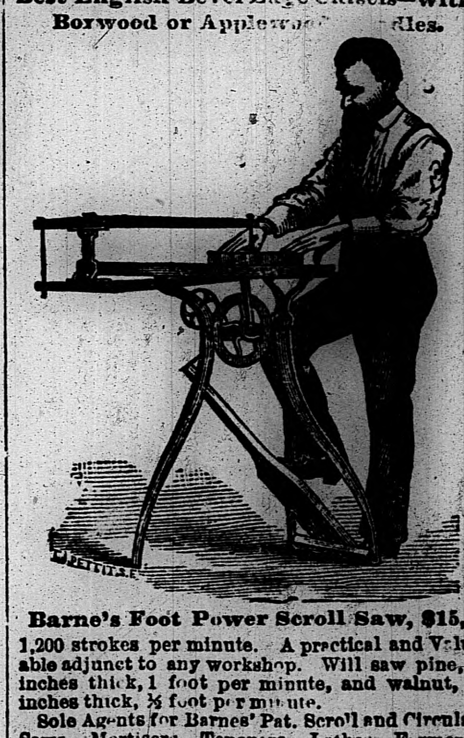
Best English Bevel Edge Chisels—with Boxwood or Applewood Handles.



Barne's Foot Power Scroll Saw, $15,

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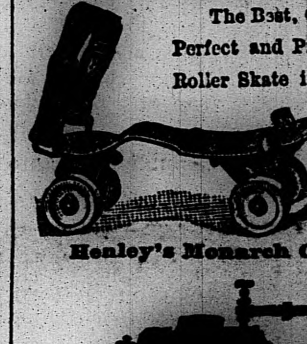

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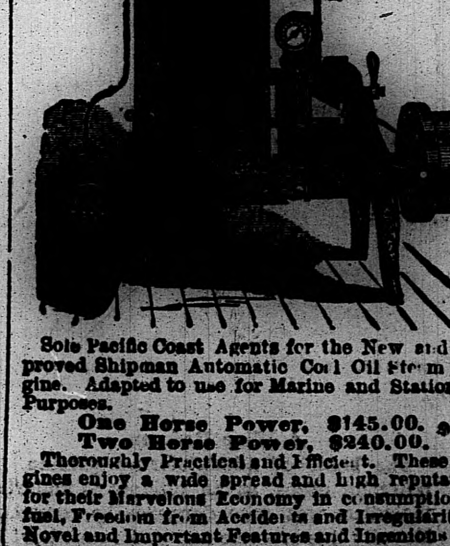

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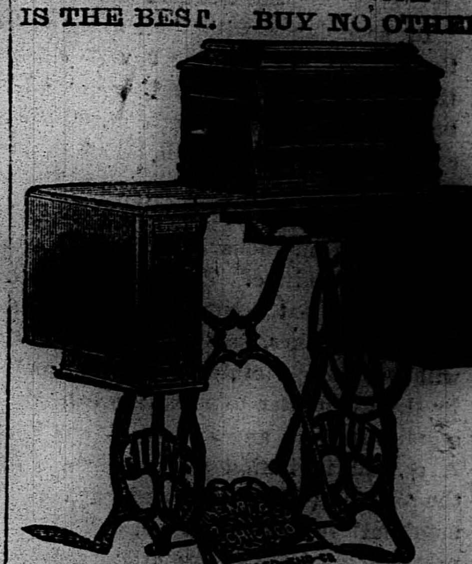

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